

and all that is wanted is to let one another know how you feel, and you will be surprised to find so many others ready to follow those deeply impressed convictions. Do not be afraid. Let every true man in the State know every other true man. You may be Old Hunkers. They are not the worst creatures in the world, because there are a great many old Hunkers who have humanity in their hearts, but the difficulty is that they have so long been in the habit of neglecting their humanity that they have almost forgotten that they had any. Now let this manhood come up, let it have vent. You have voted all your lives with party, but do you know how many times you have voted against conviction? Make up your minds to follow your convictions to the ballot-boxes, and when you have made up your mind, tell your neighbor, and you will be surprised to find that he is ready to do the same thing. You want some sort of system in this State by which those determined to stand right and act together upon this great question, may know every other true heart.

Now let me say a single word to a class of my audience not generally supposed to have much to do with this matter. I want to appeal to the women of New York. I see some are disposed to sneer and ask, "Why talk to the women? they do not vote." I know it. I know it used to be the fashion, once, when you had a meeting, to belittle it by saying most of the audience were women and children. Very good. If I wanted to regenerate the State, give me an audience of women and children. Give me them, and the old gentlemen may stay at home; or go, if they please, but take the back seats. But let the women and children come; let the truth sink deep into their hearts. The women of New York have an immense responsibility. Think of your daughters. Think what a horrible lot is before them, brought up to womanhood, blooming in youth and beauty, and adorned with all the accomplishments of life; and then be assigned to the—embellishers of old Hunkers. [Great laughter.] I ask mothers to see that the first lessons of maternal love are mingled with admonitions of fidelity to this subject. While in the Senate of the United States, I received a letter from the mother of five children. She wrote about the time of the passage of this beautiful Compromise Act. She wrote in despair, and put the question to me, "What can I do? I have determined that I can do one thing, and that I will do faithfully: I will indoctrinate the children." And when she has done that, she has done much. You can do much, very much towards the moral and political regeneration of this State.

One other subject. I want to appeal to Christians, to those who profess to be the followers of the Prince of Peace. I tell you it is my settled and firm conviction that if the Churches would just wake up to the first principles of their duty, it would not be left to poor politicians like myself to argue this question. Though I may drive slavery out of the Democratic or out of the Whig party, what can I do if it can go and hide itself behind the altars of the Church? What good for poor politicians to talk about slavery, if you go into the Churches of the Lord Jesus Christ with hands dripping with the blood and pollution of slavery, and sit down and break the elements of his crucified body? I ask you, Christian friends, to wake up upon the subject, and let there be in the high places of the Church, and in the low places, too, fidelity to this great question, and do not let those who are reeking with the guilt and pollution and blood of this sin find excuse or countenance in the fellowship with which you receive them into the Christian Church. Just as long as the Church holds, and falters upon this subject, so long will slavery maintain its position in the field.

But it is said that at the north we have nothing to do with slavery. I think I have demonstrated that if we have nothing to do with slavery, slavery has a great deal to do with us. We can at least form this resolution, if we cannot do more, that we will not be arrested, if the judgment of Heaven must come down upon the nation for the multitudinous wrongs of this system, we can resolve that in the day of reckoning the blood of the victims of oppression shall not be found upon our garments. [Great applause.]

Labor and the Money Power.

And who can adequately describe the triumphs of labor, urged by the potent spell of money? It has extorted the secrets of the universe, and trained its powers into myriads of forms of use and beauty. From the bosom of the old creation, it has developed anew, the creation of industry and art. It has been its glory to overcome obstacles. Mountains have been levelled and valleys excavated before it. It has broken the rocky soil into fertile glades; it has crowned the hill-tops with fruits and verdure, and bound around the feet of ocean, ridges of golden corn. Up from the sunless and hoary depths, up from the shapeless quarry, it drags its spotless marble, and rears its places of pomp. It tears the stubborn metals from the bowels of the globe, and makes them ductile to its will. It marches steadily on over the swelling flood, and through the mountain clefts. It fuses its way through the winds of ocean, tramples its horse surges and mingles with the flakes of fire. Civilization follows in its path. It achieves greater victories, it weaves more durable trophies, it holds wider sway than the conqueror. His name becomes tainted, and his monuments crumble; but labor converts his red battlements into gardens and erects monuments significant of better things. It rides in a chariot driven by the wind. It writes with lightning. It sits crowned as a queen in a thousand cities, and sends up its roar of triumph from a million of wheels. It glitters in the fabric of the loom, it rings and sparkles from the steady hammer, it glories in the shape of beauty, it speaks words of power, it makes the sinewy arm strong with liberty, the poor man's heart rich with content, and crowns the swarthy and sweaty brow with honor, and dignity, and peace. This, then, is one glorious result from money power. It has projected these great achievements of free labor and industrial enterprise which have beautified the earth, revealed and applied new forces, opened new departments of activity, meliorated the condition and elevated the nature of man.

But this is by no means the highest good it has wrought. It has been the chief occasion of the splendid revelation in the last two centuries, which have effected the progress of humanity. It has been almost the only power strong enough to cope with and overcome feudal despotism. I do not call it the great principle of these movements, but it was the medium through which great principles acted—it made an issue for great principles.—Rev. E. H. Chapin.

PLUMBAGO IN NELSON. N. H.—A mine of Plumbago, or Black Lead, has been recently discovered in Nelson, N. H.—The Nashua Telegraph gives the following singular circumstances attending its discovery: "These mines are upon the homestead of Rev. Gad Newell, owned by Dr. O. P. Newell. The doctor's cow failed to come home as usual, a few nights since, and in the morning she was found dead, having slipped down the steep hill and caught her horns in some way so as to break her neck. One of the Messrs. French went up to see where the 'old cow died,' and looking along where she had slipped, he found she had uncovered a ledge of the purest lead, and of great extent. The lead lies upon the side hill, so as to be drained and operated with the greatest facility. "The right to work these mines we believe is secured by Messrs. French, who have all the machinery for the manufacture of the article into various marketable shapes. But the land is owned by Dr. Newell to whom a handsome percentage is paid for all lead taken out. By the loss of his cow, he has 'struck a mine' which cannot fail to make him independent.—The store polish manufactured by Messrs French is the very best article in market."

Remarks of Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham at the Mass. Free Soil Convention.

My Friends: It is not in my power to say that I did not expect to be called upon to make any remarks. The truth is, I have been sitting here in fear and trembling for some minutes, lest I should be called upon. [Laughter.] But, my friends, I did not come here to make a speech. My time of service has passed and gone. I am not able to make a speech, and physical infirmity prevents my doing much work. You may ask, then, why I came here, if neither to work nor talk? That question I can very readily answer. I came here for the purpose which led Moses upon the top of Mount Pisgah, when he was about to die, and wished to see the "promised land." [Applause.] I came here, gentlemen, to look upon the faces of "Young America" (loud cheers); not "thru" a glass darkly, but face to face. [Renewed cheers.] It does my heart good—I feel a sort of rejuvenescence in my whole frame, (applause,) to see so many young faces before me, destined, I trust, to establish liberty, equality, freedom and independence, not only in Massachusetts, but in all America, even to save the Union.

When I came from home I resolved not to speak. I was determined that I would not, even if called upon; and this resolution I now resolve and re-resolve, that I will not violate. But, having alluded to the old Jewish lawgiver, I will recur to his history once more. We are told, in the Bible, that in the progress of the Israelites through the wilderness, they were obstructed by the children of Amalek, and were told that they had a pitched battle, and that while Moses held up his hands, the Israelites prevailed; but when he let them fall, the children of Amalek prevailed. We are told, further, that Aaron and Hur stood up on each side of Moses, and held up his hands, in order that the Israelites might prevail, and did prevail. Now, I think God that I can hold up both my hands without assistance. Thus far I am a little more favored than Moses; and if the fervent prayer of so incorrigible a sinner as I am can have an effect, these hands I will hold up, and I will pray for the success of the Free Soil party so long as I have breath to pray for anything. [Loud applause.]

THE KOSZTA AFFAIR.—No American can read the following compliments induced by Captain Ingraham's conduct in the Koszta affair, without feeling his heart swell with pride. The London Advertiser says:—

"The mother may learn profitable lessons from her daughter. Young America sets examples to Old England, which it were well for the latter to imitate. The United States though in their infancy as compared with the nations of Europe, not only possess greater vigor than any other country under the sun, but, having the giant's strength, the Republic knows how to wield it for her own interests and her own honor. America is no craven country. She has courage, and she knows when and how to display it. No power will insult her with impunity. She has not only a quick perception of what is an affront, but she loses not a moment in resenting it."

We say, what all see, that America can, and that she will protect her citizens and guests. She has no standing army—she has scarce a navy; but her flag is safe on every sea, and the name of "America," and the passport of America, is a warrant from affront and outrage. Unarmed, unarmed, she takes her place among nations and is treated with respect and awe. We saw this in the Hungarian war, when Daniel Webster made the Austrian Government abjectly at the Leek. We see it again now. The reason is plain. America represents the principle of liberty that makes every people her ally. American statesmen speak and write in the interests of a country, not of a class. The act of this American Captain is the theme of England, of Germany and France. Their journals praise what the people feel. Even the Charivari shouts, "what a hero! but shouts, 'Long live!'"

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—The Department of the Interior at Washington, received on Monday a letter from Col. Wynkoop, Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, stating that three of his deputies were on the point of being arrested on a State warrant in the execution of a warrant issued by Justice Grier of the U. S. Supreme Court, for the arrest of a negro claimed as a slave, Isham Keith of Virginia. The Marshal asks authority to employ counsel and incur the necessary expenses for defending the suit. The Secretary replied, by telegraph, directing him to lose no time in consulting the District Attorney, and to take any measures for the defense which he might deem necessary, assuring him that the Department and the whole Government are determined, at all hazards and at any cost, to carry out the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law.

SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.—The Michigan Free Democrat says: "A gentleman from New Orleans, a native of the South, who was in our sanctum a few minutes since, remarked that they who had always lived in the midst of slavery know its evils better than any Northern man could tell them. They hated slavery while the force of circumstances held them to it. But there was one thing they despised more than slavery, and that was a silly, lying apology for it by a Northern man, who had no excuse for his mendacity. When Northern men, bred in the love of Freedom, and the perpetual assertion of it, attempt to sugar over slavery, they know they lie; and Southern men know they are deliberately and wilfully lying too."

"SOLITARY AND ALONE."—The Philadelphia Inquirer says Col. Benton is now seventy-one years old, and adds: "We saw him the other day on the pavement near his house in Washington. He is the youngest looking man of seventy we have ever seen; rather fuller in habit and broader than he used to appear. He wears his hat with a knowing expression a little on the left side, walks with a deliberate and measured tread, having something like pride in its seeming—something that bespeaks a consciousness that he is Thomas Hart Benton. He feels his powers, and so does his country, and so will it ever. His mark will be left upon the era of his life. Few men of equal intellectual power and knowledge have appeared on this stage of action."

In Cincinnati, a few days ago, a girl named Elizabeth Clay shot a man named John E. Murray through the head, killing him instantly. Murray had succeeded in accomplishing her ruin under a promise of marriage, and then deserted her and married another woman. Whether the jury, in deciding this case, may render a verdict of "murder" or "justifiable homicide," there can hardly be a doubt that the perpetrator who inflicted upon his victim a cruelty worse than death, has got no more than his deserts.

The Cleveland Herald thus addresses old bachelors:—"If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on the earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!"

A fire occurred at Buffalo, in that quarter of the city known as the Five Points, last Wednesday morning, which destroyed over one hundred buildings, including several valuable blocks lately erected on the burnt district. The wind blew furiously, and before the engines reached the spot nearly a dozen buildings were in flames. The fire extended over 4 or 5 acres.

George P. Gordon of New York has invented a card press which prints 10,000 copies an hour. The cards are printed from a long strip of card paper, which runs through the machine, and at every impression a single card is cut from the strip; the machine of course feeding itself.

WINDHAM COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

EDITED BY MRS. C. I. H. NICHOLS.

Brattleboro, Vt., Oct. 12, 1853.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

MILWAUKEE, (Wis.) Sept. 30, 1853.

DEAR DEMOCRAT: I have just returned from a trip of fifty miles into the country, from Milwaukee to Delevan. I found a plank road all the way; toll gates collecting at the rate of two cents a mile on our two-horse carriage. . . I am exceedingly surprised at the aspect of things thus far in this "far away State." There is nothing to remind one of a new country, excepting here and there a snug log tenement still occupied, and many an old one, just back of the new framed or brick house, reserved for the use of the cow or sheep. By the way, I see few large barns in the country; the hay and straw is mostly stacked out, and very abundant in proportion to the flocks & herds to be seen; which leads me to infer that much of it will be transported to the cities and lakeboard. The whole way was marked by the most satisfactory evidences of comfort and advanced civilization.

I regret that I had not counted the number of teams conveying grain to Milwaukee which we passed in our journey. On some of these loads of grain, mountain high, women tidily dressed were seated beside men, evidently their husbands or fathers, and apparently unconscious of the great war of "spheres" which is being waged elsewhere with such spirit. In my notices of this country I intend to present more particularly those things in which it differs, and those advantages which it possesses in common with us at the East. In short, I would if I could, give our readers a correct idea of Wisconsin as a "home to come to;" for I feel now as I did not before I had looked upon her broad prairies, gallant lakes and noble humanity, that Wisconsin is destined to attract a large proportion of the sons and daughters who turn their faces westward from the green hills of my native State.

Stone is not plenty. The lands are fenced with oak rails, and what they call mud fences. These latter are used mostly on the prairie or marshy lands. The soil is thrown up in a ridge some two feet in height, and oak slats split from equal lengths of sawed timber and about four inches in width, are driven down into this ridge at equal distances, say four or five inches apart. Frequently nothing is added to this fencing, but often a single slat is nailed along on the top of these uprights and thus holding them together. The mud thus thrown up dries and hardens, and when grassed or soddied over, as in many cases, makes a pretty durable fence. I passed through and by several prairies.

Delevan is a fine village containing several thousand inhabitants, located on a prairie of the same name, with Delevan lake on its borders. The houses, as in other villages here, are built of wood and brick; the latter, hard burned, cost four or five dollars a thousand. They have a pressed brick, used for the fronts of houses, the most beautiful I have ever seen, which is sold at ten to twelve dollars a thousand. The Milwaukee brick is a rich buff color and has a charming effect, giving a peculiarly cheerful aspect to the villages and farms. I see buildings between the buff and red brick—a yellowish red, and very pretty as a variety. To build with wood costs two-thirds as much as to build with brick. Master masons' wages here are two dollars a day; other bricklayers about \$1.50.

It costs much less to live here than in Brattleboro. Meat is two to three cents a pound cheaper—rents, in the heart of the city, just about the same.

Between Milwaukee and Delevan we passed several fine, populous villages—Elkhorn, Spring Prairie, Rochester, Watford and Greenfield. . . While at Delevan I visited the grounds of Mr. Frank B. Phoenix—a devoted friend of Freedom and Temperance—and found fifteen acres of the finest land laid out in a fruit orchard and nursery. It was a promising sight, and nothing finer is to be found in New England.

More anon. C. I. H. Nichols.

P. S. One word about politics in this State. Free Soil is in the ascendant. The several parties have nominated their candidates for State officers as usual; but before this reaches you a People's ticket will be sent out, sustained by the Free Soilers and Temperance men of all parties, with Ex-Governor Farwell at the head. He is a whole hearted free soiler, and has heretofore spoken in favor of the Maine Law.—Mr. Holton, the Free Democratic nominee for Governor, is also true to Temperance; but his election is so very doubtful that his best friends are fain to accept his refusal and nominate Farwell.

U. S. Deputy Marshals—Judge Grier. At Philadelphia, 4th inst., U. S. Deputy Marshals Crossman & Jenkens, were arrested on warrants charging them with riot and assault and battery upon Bill Thomas, a fugitive slave recently arrested at Wilkesboro. They were brought before Judge Grier of the U. S. Circuit Court, on a writ of habeas corpus, on Wednesday, when U. S. District Attorney Ashmead asked for their discharge on the ground that no more force was used than was necessary, the fugitives being armed. Judge Grier said, that if writs were to be taken out in the manner of those on which these deputy marshals were arrested, he would have the case sent to the Grand Jury for an indictment against the person who applies for or assists in getting the writ; against the lawyer who issues and the sheriff who serves it, to see whether the U. S. officers are to be arrested and harassed whenever they attempted to serve a process. David P. Brown, the counsel for the Anti-Slavery Society, asked for a week's delay in order to procure witnesses, which was granted.

RELEASE OF KOSZTA.—The National Intelligencer announces that an arrangement for the release of Koszta has been effected with the Austrian Ambassador. It states that he was arrested by the Austrian Government, in the hope that that Government might, through him, obtain some information concerning the hidden Hungarian jewels, and that the subsequent finding of those has induced his release. A very fortunate pretext by which to back out of a bad scrape.

A young lady at Decatur, Illinois, recently married a professed minister of the gospel, on very short acquaintance. Seven days afterwards she found herself deserted, and made the unwelcome discovery that the horse and carriage spotted by her pious spouse were stolen. It is not always safe to take a black coat and white necktie as conclusive evidence of character. (Vide instances at the late N. Y. World's Temperance Convention.)

A conspiracy to destroy the life of Cassius M. Clay has been discovered and thwarted in Kentucky.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

To the Women in different Towns of the County and State, who are interested and to whom this may come.

Sisters! Reasons, which I need not here specify, moved me to absent myself from my home field of labor for humanity, during a few weeks, in which I had designed to make a special effort to procure signatures to petitions, asking of our Legislature to restore to married women their alienated property rights, and the equal custody and guardianship of their children; also to renew the petition presented last year, asking for women an equal vote in the district school meetings.

There are many of you, my sisters, who have expressed a wish to do something in this cause, if only you had the "ability." I now appeal to you to do what, could I be a dozen women I would gladly do; or, were I among you, the individual I am, I would attempt alone. Will you cut out the petitions which follow, paste them on separate sheets of paper, and ask the signatures of men and women, few or many, as you have time and success? I ask of you earnestly not to let any consideration of trifling moment prevent you from acting in this matter individually. And if several in a place will do the same, let them add together the names procured and send them to Montpelier by the town representative, if he be favorable or willing to present them; or to Mr. Shafter, Mr. Stone, or Mr. Hunt, or any other gentleman in the County whose gallantry will serve us if not his judgment. These petitions should be circulated immediately and sent on by the representatives, that they may be under the consideration of the Committees at an early day and secure a deliberate attention. Additional names may be sent on at any time during the session and add their weight to the demands of the petitioners.

To the Legislature of the State of Vermont:

Whereas existing laws ignore the equal, natural and peculiar responsibility of woman as a parent, giving to the father the custody and guardianship of the children, as against the mother, during his life, and by will at his death—Therefore we, the undersigned, do respectfully and earnestly pray your honorable body to repeal all those laws which distinguish between the paternal and maternal relation, giving preference of right to children's custody to the former, during coverture and in case of divorce; and power to determine their guardianship by will after his death. We ask that the laws be so amended as to leave the guardianship of the children to the surviving parent; incapacity alone to deprive either parent of the sacred right involving the discharge of duties imposed by God upon the parent.

We ask that neither laws, nor courts, nor deceased fathers be allowed to appoint guardians over children to whom God has preserved mothers capable of discharging the ordinary duties of guardianship. To this end our petitioners will ever pray, and protest against all laws divorcing the capable mother from her child.

To the Legislature of the State of Vermont:

Whereas by a law of the State, married women are competent to acquire and hold property independent of their husbands, thus recovering the means for lack of which they were originally deprived of the right to be guardians of their minor children—Therefore we, the undersigned, ask of your honorable body a repeal of the law which declares that the guardianship vested in the mother expires at marriage; also that a law be enacted restoring to the wife who holds property in her own right, the right to act as guardian of her minor children.

The Vermont Chronicle of recent date, stated that "the Rev. Antoinette Brown is pastor of a Unitarian church somewhere in New York." We have spent a great deal of time with Miss Brown before and since her settlement, and can assure the Chronicle that she is settled over an Orthodox Congregational church in South Butler, Wayne County, N. Y., and is one of the most orthodox of the orthodox—a thorough old fashioned Calvinist. She is suspected of but one heresy—believing and avowing woman's right to teach in the church.

Literary Notices.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. Contents of No. 489—Pedigree and Heraldry; Relation of Client and Lawyer; Railway Incident; Lieutenant Maury; The Greek and the Turk; Lady Lee's Widowhood, Part IX; The Embroidered Gloves; Characteristics of the Duke of Wellington; The Arts before the Flood; Lord Clarendon's Explanation respecting the East; The Debate in the House of Commons; The Future of the Cuba Question; Necessity of the Porte's Acceptance of the Joint Note; Discovery of an Ancient Pyramid; Poetry, Short Articles, &c.

"Household Words," American edition, is issued at New York by McElrath & Barker, at two dollars a year to mail subscribers. It is edited by Charles Dickens, and is one of the most entertaining periodicals published.

The October No. of the Phrenological and Water-Cure Journals, and The Student, published by Fowlers and Wells, New York; Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet, and the Boys' and Girls' Magazine—all in good season and full of interest—are received. Carpenter has them.

Jewett & Co. of Boston will immediately put to press Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Records of Travels Abroad," illustrated by herself. These "Records" will fill two volumes of the size of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and it is presumed, meet a ready and extensive sale.

The N. Y. Tribune states that Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D. will soon issue a treatise on Theology that is expected to command very general attention. It is entitled "The Conflict of Ages, or the Great Debate on the Moral Relation of God and Man." It maintains the pre-existence of man ere he became a denizen of this cloudy planet.

MANUSCRIPTS LOST.—The bill for the purchase of the lands in Maine belonging to Massachusetts has passed both branches of the Maine Legislature—in the House 96 to 35; in the Senate 22 to 10. These lands are located on the Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers and the upper waters of the river St. John, comprising 1,100,000 acres—Massachusetts offers to sell the whole for \$322,500.

Rev. George Tyler, son of the late Hon. Royal Tyler, has, we are informed, accepted a call of the Congregational church and society in this village to become their pastor, in place of Rev. A. H. Clapp, resigned.

Shocking Tragedy at Oberlin, Ohio.—On the 15th of September a most revolting murder was committed about three miles east of Oberlin. A man named Fullam had strangled a Miss Barber and another young lady. The brother of Miss Barber, and a Mr. Lovell, the lover of the other lady, went to Fullam to talk the matter over. He repulsed them with threats and became enraged. They left him and returned to their work. After supper one of them proposed that they should take their rifles and go over to Fullam and frighten him. Accordingly they took their guns (a rifle and a shot gun) and started. On arriving they found Fullam and his wife making hay. Lovell advanced to him and said, "Well, I've come to have it out." Fullam seized a pitchfork and made a desperate plunge at him; Fullam's wife clinging to him, shrieking, and endeavoring to prevent his striking Lovell. He succeeded in wounding him in three places with the fork. Lovell, enraged at this, fired his piece, missing Fullam and lodging the contents in his wife's head, wounding her dangerously if not mortally. He then handed the empty gun to Barber to re-load, took the loaded gun and started for home, Fullam following him with his pitchfork. After going some distance Lovell turned round and fired, and Fullam being but two feet from him, received the whole charge in his side, tearing him in a horrible manner & killing him instantly. He leaves a family of three children. The murderers were immediately arrested.—Albany Argus.

Bees have turned up near North Adams, and killed several sheep of Joseph Canada of Stamford. One was caught in a trap which, with a log, he carried forty rods, and then left a part of his foot and male off.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY LIZZIE LOVEGROVE.

School days! What pleasing associations and fond remembrances cluster around those sunny days of my early youth! They were, indeed, happy days, around which, even now, memory delights to linger—calling up images of the past and mirroring again the scenes of those bygone years. I love to look back upon the time when the rays of science first shone upon the mind—when the first draughts were drunk from the fount of knowledge—when ideas began to germinate, and thought was first trained to think. I love to trace the workings of the mind as it grew and expanded under the genial influence of instruction—to mark its enlarged capacity in youth, and its increasing vigor in mature years.

The companions, too, of those gone-by days! Methinks I see them now as I thought of sitting among their various tasks—some with all the ardor of young aspirants striving to win the honors of the school—others, caring less for honors than for fun, taking to the utmost the vigilance of the teacher to keep them within proper bounds, while a few, without sufficient energy to care for either, required the stimulus of compulsion to jog them on. And then "the noonning!" Who does not remember the general outburst that followed its announcement, when from the restraints of school we sprang at once into the glorious liberty of "noon-time!"

But as I look back upon that gay and happy group, as we used to mingle in the sports of childhood and the hilarities of youth, a shade of mournful reflection comes over me, and I can hardly persuade myself of the change a few short years have wrought among us. Some are sustaining the relation of husbands and fathers, of wives and mothers, whose children now occupy the same seats in the same school-room where they themselves once sat. Others have gone from the haunts of their early years, and amid the stirring scenes of life are meeting their part in the drama of existence, while a few have wandered far, far from the home of their childhood, toiling to win for themselves a name and a place among the great ones of earth.

But many, very many, of those young and joyous ones have passed away and gone to an early grave. All, save one, were victims of that fell destroyer, consumption. They all sleep in the same church-yard, and as the last beams of the setting sun gild the close of day I love to visit their quiet resting-place, and there wander among the images of the past, while the memories of the departed steal over me like gentle whispers from the spirit land.

But there is one spot where I fondly linger, among which clusters the sweetest associations of my early days. Yes, she who here sleeps was the boon companion of my childhood, the friend and confidant of after years. We loved as sisters, and with hearts in union no jarring string worried the harmony of our friendship. Our childish joys and griefs, our youthful hopes and aspirations, we shared together, and even the secrets of the heart we held in common with each other. Time but strengthened the ties of our friendship, and in the simplicity of our affections we never dreamed even that the light of our morning was soon to be obscured by the clouds of adversity.

But, oh—the destroyer came! Well do I remember when the fact forced itself upon me, that she whom I loved so well, was indeed passing away.—True, I had long marked the advances of that insidious disease—the hollow cough, and hectic flush, too plainly told the fearful truth. She, too, felt her danger; but neither of us found words to speak it, for hope yet told his flattering tale. But, alas! the painful truth could not long be disguised; and when I knew that she must die, my poor heart rebelled against the dealings of Providence, and in its repinings was well nigh ready to murmur against the Omnipotent.

She struggled long and long, for life was sweet, and the thought that passed through her mind was, "But grace triumphed, and calmly as the gentle infant sinks to repose upon its mother's bosom, so calmly she sank to her long sleep. My own spirit was subdued, and though I wept tears, bitter tears, yet the hallowed feeling of resignation and trust was mingled with my sorrow. And now, as I stand by her last resting place, her gentle spirit seems to hover near, whispering words of heavenly peace and hope to cheer me on; and never do I turn from that loved spot without feeling strengthened to tread the paths of life—endure its ill, and readily perform as best I may its duties here in hopes of that blessed day when we shall again unite to part no more forever.

From Oregon.

A general Indian war appears to have lately broken out in Oregon, and promises to be a war of extermination.—The Governor had sent to Van Couver's Island for arms, which were promptly forwarded to Rogue River. Judge Skinner, Indian Agent for Rogue River district, had been butchered in a horrible manner by the Indians. In Elk Valley a party of 22 men under Lieut Ella had a fight with 150 warriors—the battle lasted three hours. The whites had five men killed and five wounded. Of the Indians only six were killed. . . In Scott Valley several settlers had been murdered by the Indians, and several men killed in skirmishes with the savages.

The Mountain Herald of August 26, says:—"Families have been driven from their homes and compelled to fortify themselves in numbers for protection; the farmers to leave their harvest fields for the security of life. The crops, which gave the greatest assurance of an abundant harvest, now present a scene of devastation, and must occasion the utter ruin of numerous families. We have every confidence in our citizens who have gone in pursuit of the savage foe. They will avenge these outrages, and not quit the field while the color of an Indian is seen."

Murder in Springfield, Mo.—A shocking murder was committed in that section of Springfield known as Hayti' on Friday night. Horace and George Sands, colored brothers, were on a drunken spree. Their mother was with them, when a quarrel and a struggle commenced between her and George, she endeavoring to wrest a gun from him. In the melee the gun was discharged, the wad lodging in her scalp. Horace then discharged a gun at George, hitting him in the stomach, but not wounding him fatally. He then shot again, hitting him in the head and the shot proving fatal in a few minutes. Horace has been arrested and lodged in jail.—Springfield Repub.

MEERMAID CAUGHT.—The Halifax (Nova Scotia) Chronicle puts forth the following bit of news:

"A most extraordinary fish was caught in the salmon net of Mr. Hazlet Hamilton of Burdonan, in the Donegal Bay, last week. It is a beautiful creature—the head, shoulders and waist resemble a woman; the lower part, that of a salmon. When we saw it it was alive in a vessel of salt water, and Mr. Hamilton hoped to preserve it alive that way. The eyes are beautiful. Its arms, when touched, became stiff, and the whole body appeared sensitive to the touch. Many persons considered it a young mermaid."

A sale of thorough-bred short-horned Cattle took place in Madison county, Ohio, on the 27th ult. Fifteen bulls brought an average of \$1200; two of them sold for \$2000 each. Five cows sold at \$600 to \$1300 each. Twenty-five Leicester sheep averaged \$30 each. A Suffolk hog was sold for \$200.

The Melbourne (Australia) Morning Herald of the 18th June states that John Mitchell, one of the transported Irish patriots, has effected his escape from the island, making the fourth of these prisoners who have obtained their liberty in a similar manner.

The Canada Railroad will be ready for use from Niagara to Detroit on the 1st of January next. It is 280 miles in length, and nearly on an air line.

The New York and New Haven Railroad Company has already paid nearly two hundred thousand dollars to those who were injured, and to those who lost their relatives by the accident at Norwalk.

Mr. Marcy's Reply to Austria.

This reply is strong, clear, and unequivocal. It denies the claim of Austria, and makes that claim appear so unworthy and contemptible that the Czar himself would be ashamed of it, if his policy allowed him to be ashamed of anything. The document shows great ability, and will establish Mr. Marcy's reputation as a diplomatist.

The Austrian communication, to which it is a response, urged the following points, viz.—that Koszta had never ceased to be an Austrian subject; that the Austrian Consul had a right to seize him in Smyrna; that Capt. Ingraham was guilty of declaring war against Austria; that he violated the rights of a neutral port; and finally, that the government of the United States must disavow the conduct of its agents in the Koszta affair, "call them to a severe account, and tender to Austria a satisfaction proportionate to the magnitude of the outrage."

Mr. Marcy says in reply—that our government entirely approves of the conduct of its agents in this affair; that Austria's claim to a right to arrest refugees in Turkey was decided against her in the case of Koszta and his companions; that Koszta had since taken measures to become an American citizen; that the municipal law of Austria concerning citizenship cannot be considered as international law; that he was in Smyrna under the protection of the American consulate, which according to the laws and usages of the East, recognized by international law, would have entitled him to American protection without any other claim; that the Austrian agents grossly violated the law of nations and became "vermin" in seizing Koszta; and, in a word, that the United States would not comply with the demands of Austria, but requires that Koszta be restored to the condition he enjoyed before he was seized in the streets of Smyrna.

With the coolest and most barren impertinence, the Austrian communication charges the United States with having violated the neutral soil of Turkey, and seeks to bring our government to repentance therefor. To this Mr. Marcy replies, that the Sultan makes no such complaint against us, and our Government does not recognize the right of Austria to make it. In discussing the question of allegiance and the right of a man to transfer his relations of citizenship from one nation to another, Mr. Marcy puts forth this doctrine for the consideration of the despots:—

"When the Sovereign power, whosoever it may be placed, does not answer the ends for which it is bestowed—when it is not exerted for the general welfare of the people, or has become oppressive to individuals—this right to withdraw rests on as firm a basis, and is similar in principle, to the right which legitimizes resistance to tyranny."

We hope the Czar will study that doctrine until he feels edified.—Commonwealth.

Three Days Later from Europe.

The steamship Arabia, from Liverpool the 24th ult., arrived at New York on Thursday morning, bringing three days' later European news. The aspect of the Turkish difficulty was more threatening, and the general impression at Constantinople is that the Sultan will make no concession, either to Russia or to the combined peace-making powers. Austria has fairly backed out of the coalition of powers, and is disposed to side with Russia. The Turks are in the highest pitch of fanaticism, and even call upon the Sultan to declare war, or abdicate his throne.

A bitter feeling is excited by the Mussulmans against England, and it is said that another difficulty has arisen between the English and French Ministers, the latter insisting that the English fleet should be removed to Constantinople, and the former objecting. The English and French Governments have sent dispatches to the Sultan, urging him to accept the Vienna note, pure and simple.

There is no news of importance from England. At Newcastle the deaths from cholera averaged 110 per day. Other places report from one to thirty deaths daily. Steps have been taken at Sheffield to raise a sum of money for Koszta. The French Emperor, it is said, has recently declared, in connection with the Turkish question, that he shall not go to war. He and the Empress set out on the 23d ult. on their Northern tour.

At Liverpool, breadstuffs were active and advancing. Within the week, flour had advanced 18d., wheat 5d., and corn 4d. Cotton had declined 1-8d. Provisions were generally unchanged.

The Governor of Temi (Italy) has been put to death by the people for insulting their petition for cheaper bread on the first ult. The reading committee of the Holy Inquisition at Rome, have again condemned "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as damnable and pernicious.

Cholera is committing great ravages in the upper part of India. A severe famine prevails in Burmah.

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